

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

Price \$2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2398.
Single Number 5 Cents.

IF WE WOULD WE?

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down life's road,
If our lips could taste some wormwood,
If our backs could feel some load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that never can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew you baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Might be cold and stiff to-morrow
Never to trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of that darling
Catch the frown from off our brow?
Would those points of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Until all their scent is gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
Until winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Let us hark, then, in the sunbeams
Shining in youth's rosy lanes;
Let us cast our chaff and nettles,
Keeping only wheat and grain;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
Ibs and whys from out our way.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY I. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER III.

The mist had blown over next day, the sun was out again, and the sea calm and blue. Letty accounted for her pale face by saying she had a headache, and thus got off accompanying her aunt to the castle, where there was to be a formal giving over of linen. As soon as the house was cleared, she brought down her hat, and set off for her favorite seat among the rocks, where, with the sea lashing and breaking among the rocks at her feet, the gulls shrieking over head, she thought she could look her fate in the face, and form some plan to avoid a meeting with the Squire.

She had not been on the rocks half an hour when a quick, firm footfall sent the blood to her cheeks, and she and her false lover were face to face.

It would be difficult to say which was the more confused—Gawain, who had sought the meeting, or Letty, who had been telling herself it must come.

He was the first to speak, but he made no attempt to approach nearer as he did so. He said, "My wife found your earring, and then I knew who Mrs. Lloyd's niece was."

Letty held out her hand mechanically, but instead of putting the earring into it, Gawain clasped it closely, bursting into an explanation of his actions, excusing, condoning, and lamenting his course in one breath.

Letty was powerless while he spoke of his love and of the bright hopes he once held out; but when he tried to excuse his marriage, and told her he had taken a rich wife to retrieve his fortune, the girl's indignation and outraged love spoke forth.

Mr. Gawain was prepared for this. It only showed him that Letty's heart was still his, that however her judgment might condemn or virtue plead, the power he had once held was as strong as ever. Seeing this he could afford to listen patiently.

"I will do nothing to torment you, Letty; be merciful to me, that is all. I am repaying the punishment of my sin. I did not seek you out, Letty. We have met for some good end. For God's sake, do not drive me desperate, give me some chance of happiness, or, at least peace. I never was a good man; but if you do anything rash or cruel now, you'll drive me to destruction. Do not avoid the Castle for fear of seeing me; my wife wishes to have you. I will be out of the way. The terms are not so hard for you as for me—and what they are to me you can never know. A man's love is a different kind from a woman's. In spite of what the poet says: perhaps it is because men seldom give all their love, as I did."

And with a bitter laugh, he went away, and Letty, left to herself, did what was only natural and womanlike—she sat with her head on her knees and cried, little thinking that any one saw her agony; but there, glaring out from a crevice between the rocks, were the bloodshot eyes of Sam, who had brought all the cunning of madness to aid him in concealing himself, and thus kept constant watch upon Letty, and for this he had toiled through many a day's night, following out a hiding-place which he could reach without going along the path round the point.

Letty had no easy task to perform; it was impossible for her to avoid going to the Castle without giving a reason for so doing, and that

reason she, of course, could not give. There was nothing for it but to trust in Mr. Gawain's promise, and for a time there seemed no cause to doubt it; she never saw him, and began to speculate upon her own strength again, telling herself that he could never have loved her as he professed, or that it would be impossible for him to act as calmly and coldly as he now did.

So reasoning, Letty fell into the habit of spending day after day with Mrs. Gawain. Many a time during the next six or eight weeks there stole over Letty an undefined sense of danger. She would start from her sleep in the dead of the night with tears streaming down her face, and her heart throbbing wildly. Once or twice, while sitting at her favorite place among the rocks, she had been seized with a sudden fear, and, impelled by some uncontrollable feeling, had run home, not even daring to look behind her.

Lewis met her one day when this fit was on her, and the quarrel that had separated them was made up. He saw her pale, wild face, and interpreted it to his own satisfaction, and she, harassed and perplexed as she was, felt comfort and strength as Lewis put his arm round her, and told her how she had tormented him, and that henceforth he meant to take charge of her entirely, and not let her sit dreaming by the sea. Poor Letty! the temptation was sore. Lewis was gentle and humble that night, and, after all, what right had she to exact so much, or why should she be jealous of what had gone before? Would he still care for her if her own story was told, and worse still, her heart laid bare? Letty thought not; but determined then and there to risk it, and confess all at the first opportunity. Not that night; she must wait and tell Mrs. Gawain first, then she would be happier. And in the meantime Lewis and she would meet as usual; there would be no engagement, nothing more than there was at the present; but he would stay at home more; and when she was at the Castle he would come to fetch her home; for the nights were dark now, and Mrs. Gawain often kept her until night had set in, and only let Letty escape when the Squire would be returning from shooting. Mrs. Gawain had taken a violent liking to Letty, and now that she was ill, and weak, Rachel would not allow her niece to thwart her in her fancy to see her every day, saying such fancies were excusable under the circumstances.

One night, late in October, Letty started for home; she was earlier than usual; the wind was coming over the bay in faint gusts, bringing heavy drops of rain. Just as she turned out of the grounds into the fields, she met the Squire coming home from shooting. "It's a cold, lonely walk, Miss Letty," he said, stopping, while the keeper walked forward; but Letty only dropped a courtesy, and passed on. Then he followed her, repeating the words, but in a lower tone, and adding, "How cross you are, Letty; here am I out all day, wind or rain, to make it more comfortable for you at the Castle, and even when I meet you by chance, and speak a civil word that any man might say, you won't deign a look even. What have I done to make you treat me this way?"

"Indeed, I don't treat you any way wrong, sir." "Sir!" exclaimed Gawain, with an oath. "What do you think I am made of, that you mock me? You didn't call me 'sir' in the happy days I am always thinking of and cursing myself for having lost the right to make you remember. Why don't you speak, Letty?" he went on, presently. "Why don't you scold, reproach, bully me? I deserve it all, for I am a selfish beast to remind you of old times, and tell you how miserable I am; but I must be selfish still. I meant to meet you tonight, I have something to tell you that you must hear. Will you stand still here a few minutes and listen, or sit down upon the rocks? It is dry, and sheltered a little from this cold wind. I wish I could see your face, Letty; I've not seen it this week, except in my dreams; and then it always looks as if it did that day I saw you again on the rocks."

"You wanted to tell me something," said Letty, desperately. All this time was play to him, but death to her; she could not listen to his voice or feel her dress touch him without the old poison stealing through her life again. She was weak as a child in his presence, and in her heart she was wishing that Lewis, who generally came to meet her, would come.

"If I heard him coming, I would speak out—shame would make me a better girl," she thought. But Lewis did not come, and Mr. Gawain told her what he had to say—told her that his wife was dying, that the doctor who had seen her the week before, had confirmed the opinion already given that she might live until the spring, but only by going to a warmer climate. "We must go at once, and Letty!"—he paused, and drew a little nearer; she could feel him stooping over her, and fancied she heard his heart beating; her own was throbbing so fast that she had to consider again before she was quite sure that she had heard his heart's words right. "Come with me, Letty," he said, speaking low and hurriedly. "And when I am free you shall be my wife."

The wind was blowing harder than ever, blowing down the slender heads of the young fir-trees through which the path lay, scattering their perfume around, and all her life after a wife of scent from a fir-plantation brought back to Letty the scene of her temptation—temptation which Providence suddenly turned aside, for clear upon the cold blast came the ring of a man's whistle.

"Who's that?" asked the Squire, as Letty sprang to her feet.

"My cousin Lewis; he always comes to meet me," said Letty, a sense of protection coming upon her, although at the same moment she felt as if she loathed and hated her cousin; and all the love and old visions of happiness faded up—love and happiness now offered her; but ere she had had time to think, Gawain had thrown his arm round her, and pressing his lips to her face, whispered passionately.

"Take care what you do, for, by—I am a desperate man! I bartered you away once, for money, but the Mint itself shall not come between us now if I can help it."

The whistle was close to them now, and the footstep audible. With a desperate effort Letty freed herself from Gawain, and clambered over the stile, almost falling into Lewis's arms, and the Squire heard him exclaim—

"Hallo, Letty! what a hurry you are in. Why are you shaking like a leaf, darling? Has anything frightened you? Why didn't you wait, and I'd have been at the gate. I am rather late, for the Squire has been up at the farm, and mother stopped me to tell me how he'd been saying his wife was ill, and had to go away."

And then their voices died away in the distance, and Mr. Gawain turned homewards, coming up with the keeper where he had left him a quarter of an hour before, and half inclined to think he had been watching him. He gave the man a rating that he did not forget in a hurry, and which, curiously enough, raised Letty greatly in his opinion, concluding that she, having given the Squire "a setting down," had thus ruined his temper.

As they walked on, a figure came slouching along the path, close under the hedge.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Gawain, drawing back.

"Sam Bach, sir; he lives up at the farm, and follows Miss Letty about like a shadow."

"Is he a lover of hers?"

The keeper laughed. "He's an idiot, sir."

"A man of all sorts and sundry to you about this way?"

"Sure, he's a safe enough, sir. He's better than a watch-dog to Mrs. Letty. She's kind to him, and saved him many a thrashing from young Lewis."

"But I've never seen this boy about."

"He was beating for a last Friday, you remember, sir; the cocks you shot right and left, slung about them."

The Squire said no more; he remembered the lad and the child of reputation that had crossed him at the time, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Lloyd about it.

Instead of going straight to the Castle next day, Letty went to the rocks. She had no opportunity to think quietly at the farm, where there reigned a continual bustle, and where her aunt was now full of lamentation about the young Squire's sorrow, about his leaving so soon again, and the chances of the wife dying before the baby saw light. Down among the rocks and by the sea, dark, stormy, and noisy as it was, Letty knew she could think; accordingly there she went, and there Mr. Gawain found her.

"I have come for my answer, Letty," he said, sitting down by her side, and barring her escape. "By Jove! what a night it was! I hope your cousin made him amiable. If all one hears is true, he's rather a jargonist companion for a young lady to choose as an escort every night. My keeper rather annoyed me by his account of the young gentleman's courage. It seems he does not keep his love affairs secret either, or let them loose in the village."

Letty's cheeks grew red, and she went on with a laugh.

"Ah, well! it isn't much matter. To you, Letty, he's on his good behavior of course; for they were down here; here are not like our ways. Lewis will show his wild oats and settle down into a respectable farmer some day. We'll give him the Church Farm, it's the best next to his mother's, which of course goes to Evan. Now, Letty, tell me you'll go with my wife."

"No, not yet, I cannot. How could I? You told me once you loved me too dearly to wrong me, and so left me; and now you would make me the vilest thing living."

"You are wrong, Letty; before God you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you—without your permission; you'll only be there with her, and when I'm free again—"

Letty got up, her face white and her eyes flashing.

"Do not tempt me again for pity's sake. You know I am weak—you know once I'd have given up everything for you; but you left me then. I could never trust you now."

And Letty listened to the old story, and tried to think that there was happiness in store for her.

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning there were pale faces and hurrying feet upon the beach, where a crowd soon gathered round the body of Sam, the idiot boy, which, washed up and left by the tide, lay face uppermost amongst the shingle. When the torn coat and shirt were taken off, there were thick blue veins, where blows had fallen.

Murder, foul and cowardly at all times, is in some cases especially so. The lad had been afflicted from his birth, harmless, and like most of his kind, rather a favorite in the village, and loud were the denunciations against the atrocity of the deed, and the guilt of the doer.

Men looked suspiciously into each other's faces as they stood round the public-house into which the body had been carried, and at the door of which was a policeman. Evan Lloyd was there; he had been riding past, and lent his horse to carry the messenger for the doctor, while another man had ridden off to the nearest magistrate.

Lewis was not there then, but presently he too came down the hill, and afterwards the people said how white his face looked, and that he staggered in his walk as he drew near. Nor were they wrong; and good enough cause Lewis had for both; for when the intelligence of the murder reached him, there had flashed upon his mind, like the vision of a drowning man, the many quarrels, the anger, and the evil temper he had so often vented upon the helpless boy, and the very last time he had seen him, his hand had been on the lad's neck, whose usual outcry of "murder" seemed to ring again, like a fatal warning in his ears.

He had thought all this when his mother came to tell him, and although he would have rather cut off his right hand than face the crowd and look at the body, he was too great a coward to yield to his fears.

"You're not used to death, Lewis," said the doctor, looking in his white face, as he stood in the room while the examination of the body went on.

"No," said the other, shuddering. "I don't know how you fellows are so cool."

"Willful murder," was the verdict, and the following day Lewis Lloyd was arrested on suspicion. No one ventured to charge him with deliberate murder; but even manslaughter, with a man of such well-known violence of temper, would go hard.

Rachel was inconsolable; the rest of her boy was a disgrace deep and deadly, and loudly as she asserted his innocence, a cold shudder of apprehension fell upon her as she recalled the various scenes of passion she had witnessed; and felt, "If the evidence is too strong for him, there's not a man or child about the farm that has not seen it."

When they came to take Lewis away, Letty had fainted, and passed from one fainting fit into another, so that every one, even the sorrow-stricken mother, said or saw "how she had loved him."

Circumstantial evidence went hard against Lewis. Upon the night preceding the finding of the body—the night when it was conjectured the murder had been done—Lewis could not account for himself; true, he said that expecting to meet his cousin Letty coming home from the Castle, he had waited up till midnight, and only upon getting home found that she had come in by another way, and gone up to her bedroom directly.

Then some one spoke of the way in which the lad had attached himself to Letty, and the case against the unhappy man grew stronger. At this juncture, however, a totally new aspect was given to the trial, for, to the consternation and amazement of all who knew him, his sweet temper, well-regulated mind, and universal kindness to every living creature, Evan Lloyd stood forward and took the guilt of the deed upon himself. He had seen the boy dogging his cousin's steps, and had often apprehended mischief; that day he had caught him at her favorite resting place among the rocks, evidently waiting for her coming; words had grown high, the boy grew angry and flew at his master, who, losing his temper, struck him, and as they struggled on the narrow platform, threw him accidentally over the cliff.

The explanation was simple enough, but not a word of it fell with any appearance of conviction upon the listeners. Lewis was, of course, liberated, and sought to remain with his brother, but the Evan refused, bidding him go home and comfort Letty and their mother, adding, "They will be more merciful to me than they would have been to you."

He went home, but comfort was a mockery; there was nothing but disgrace and misery. In the midst of her anguish Rachel had taken it into her head that Letty was somewhere at the bottom of it, and all the love of her outraged pride, and all the envy of her fear for her child's safety, concentrated themselves against the girl, who wandered about the house apparently more dead than alive.

Try to soothe and reason with her. "It's all her doing; this cure fell upon us the day she crossed the door way." And Lewis, seeing nothing else for it, went over to the castle and told Mrs. Gawain what his mother said, and Letty found a home for the time being, and finally accompanied them to the south of France. Lewis weakly opposed the plan; but nothing the said now seemed to have any influence. The shock had fallen like a blight upon her; and though Lewis was safe, they said that it would take time to restore her nervous system. And Letty's name, Letty's unhappy lot, and Letty's great love were as much spoken of as the crime itself.

The assizes at which the trial would come off were held in the spring, and the long winter months, during which her first-born lay in jail, completely bleached Rachel Lloyd's dark hair. It was a terrible time for her when the day of the trial came—worse still when the sun went down and the case stood remanded. Then the next day fresh evidence was called, and as she sat in the inn parlor, the parson and his wife on either hand, Lewis burst into the room.

The verdict had been brought in "Man-slaughter," the sentence mitigated to four years' penal servitude; and when the worst danger was past, the mother knew how great the mercy of God had been. Neighbors and people she had never seen or heard of pressed forward to congratulate her and bid her be of good cheer. The Squire, who had come over from France to be present, had worked day and night, had spared no time or expense to bring about this result, and the public mind was divided between admiration for him and relief as to Evan's sentence.

"The Squire had worked himself to death," they said, so ill and fagged did he look, and so restlessly excited and busy had he been. There was one peculiarity about his conduct—he would not see Evan. This was scarcely noticed at the time; but afterwards, as is generally the way with the multitude, even this became a virtue, and when he went back to his dying wife, he carried with him the admiration and blessings of the whole neighborhood, a burden Mr. Gawain seemed to find both irksome and painful.

Before leaving the Castle, Mr. Gawain gave the Church Farm to Lewis, then fortunately at his disposal; offering, moreover, to lend sufficient to stock it thoroughly, besides draining and rebuilding. And it was very soon said and very soon seen that the Squire did not seem to think he could do too much for the Lloydes.

For three or four months after she had left Pembrokehire, Letty had written pretty regularly to Lewis. Then the letters grew fewer; and at last, after a lapse of nearly a month, there came a short letter, bidding him forget her. Since to say, he took the matter very little to heart. In spite of the way the old folks shook their heads over the new-fangled notions Lewis was adopting in his farming, things prospered. Everything he put his hand to turned out well, and Mrs. Lloyd began to hold up her head again. The bitterness of the first shame was being lost in the success that had been showered upon them ever since the day of grief. Evan wrote often. He was well, and, as far as circumstances would permit, happy. Most of the letters were filled with questions about Lewis, and for the first year never one came that did not refer in some way to Letty, and express a wish to hear that she and Lewis had made up matters.

Three years had gone by, when one day the post brought Mrs. Lloyd a letter which startled her. It came from Evan, and told her how he had got a ticket of leave, and was, therefore, comparatively a free man; that he would not, however, come to the old farm, but intended to settle in some other part of the country, where everything would be new, and where, by changing his name, he could start clear of the cloud that would always rest upon him where the past was known. The letter ended by asking her to meet him in London, giving her the day, the place where she would find him, and full directions about the route.

There was not a word about Lewis. "You'll go with me?" said his mother, as he gave her back the letter; but Lewis did not answer. His face grew dark, and the veins in his temples sprang up.

"You ought to see him, Lewis," pleaded Rachel. "Sure if he's brought trouble on us, he's still your brother, and the Lord's been gracious to us in many ways. You'll never let your old mother ask in vain?"

"Yes, I'll go, mother," answered Lewis, hoarsely.

"There's my own dear lad, always the same, always ready to do a good turn. We'll go together to your poor brother."

Evan had given such clear directions, that there was no difficulty in the journey. "He'll be changed," was the thought that filled the mother's heart. But Evan was little altered, a little graver, perhaps a little older, but handsomer than ever.

"This is good of you, Lewis," he said, holding out one hand to his brother, while with the other he clasped his mother. "I did not bid you come, I thought you might not like. Hallo! Lewis, lad, what's the matter?"

Lewis had burst into tears, and thrown himself upon a sofa.

"Let me alone, mother," he sobbed, shaking

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 100 head. The prices realized were: 100 lbs. @ 12.00; 100 lbs. brought from \$10.00 to \$12.00; 100 lbs. head were disposed of from \$10.00 to \$12.00. The pigs sold at from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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The proprietors of the "Saturday Evening Post" have secured the most unequalled inducements to those who desire to receive the paper, by the gift of a beautiful premium engraving to every subscriber who sends in a card of introduction from the publisher, and who also sends in a card of introduction from the publisher, and who also sends in a card of introduction from the publisher.

"One of Life's Happy Hours."

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STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS.

AND OTHERS. THE "SATURDAY EVENING POST" has a large and varied list of contributors, and the best of the country and foreign writers, and the best of the country and foreign writers, and the best of the country and foreign writers.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The "Saturday Evening Post" is a neutral paper, and does not take any part in the political controversies of the day. It is a paper of general interest, and is read by all classes of people, and is read by all classes of people, and is read by all classes of people.

TERMS.

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Angry Letters.

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The Effects of Tea on the Skin.

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MINE ONLY.

BY M. W. M.

The head that I so fondly clasp
Within my own,
Must never have thrilled to any grasp
Save mine alone.

The lips that mine so lightly press
Must never know
From other lips the soft caress
That mine bestow.

The form that I with rapture fold
In twining arms,
Once circled by another's hold
Would lose its charms.

If ever on another breast
Had lain the head,
The glory of each golden tress
For me were dead.

The maiden blushes on thy cheeks
That come and go,
And deepen when of love I speak
In whispers low.

If kindled by another's touch,
Or voice or eye,
Would lose the charm which now so much
I love and prize.

The heart that yields itself to me,
And owns my power,
I till my coming let it be
A folded flower.

And in the love-light of my eyes,
Each leaf unclose,
To find itself, with sweet surprise,
A perfect rose.

Bachelor Brown's Courtship.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness for the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for he had known Uncle Richard was worth a good half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should he leave it to but to his own cousins or their children?

Hopeful so near human nature as to loneliness, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle were expected to move their cousin, who was their uncle by ten years, to the Hinkles, and Rose, and Charles, and William, might in all probability be his heirs, and to this end the parents labored. Uncle Richard had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. He was deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting so utterly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, he was a lovable man. Matters progressed smoothly enough until it was habit and not hypocrisy which made Cousin Richard actually master of the house.

He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbons when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go dutifully to church with their mamma—attend to marketing and the posting of letters, and the exonerate, and the tending off of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to reach the house with a poker at the dead of night, when any one "heard a noise."

He never saw one home. He never even spent the evening in his company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of those individuals was reported to be in the house, and, when traveling, had been known in a train to elude his eyesight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she left the carriage. As a general thing, indeed, he always chose a carriage when he need not be intruded upon.

"It was not as well after all," said Mrs. Hinkle, but it was a peculiarity not quite as agreeable to M. H. when he found the pleasant task of seeing Mrs. Hinkle home. He argued that such duties were Cousin Dick's though he never told him so. It would not be his business to go to see him, and if anything could have been done to help Cousin Richard, it would have been done long ago, after his offering any grateful attention to the matter.

However, a day came at last which set the whole household in commotion. Miss Amanda had had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and Miss Dove, being a stranger, was to wait at the station until she came for her in a carriage.

The Hinkles retired some miles out of town, and did not occupy their residence for many months, so that people were not always properly directed by the neighbors.

It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival dawned, Cousin Richard called at the Hinkles to see them. However, Mrs. Hinkle had the influence, and the two boys were at boarding-school. Name was to be found to stay, and neither Rose nor Adelaide could have the room. Miss Dove was to come at once, and what would she think of them if she came for her?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, "it would be better to treat her as the dear girl. I must ask your Cousin Richard."

"You never dare, ma'am," said Rose against.

"In such a case, you know—"

"I'll not do it," said Adelaide.

"Of course not," said Rose.

Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.

"I fear he will not," she said, and, wearing an expression which would have done credit to Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.

"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked as she entered.

"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.

"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle. "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station

with her trunk by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.

"Ah!" said Bachelor Brown; "what a pity!" Mrs. Hinkle felt she had not begun yet. Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.

"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know," she said, "but couldn't you just for once do it?"

"Do what, Maria?" asked Bachelor Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"For Miss Dove?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear do," said Cousin Richard.

"But—"

"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination. An affected, conceited, absurd set of creatures. I never had any thing to do with 'em, and I never will. No doubt she is capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be. I haven't got for her."

Mrs. Hinkle retreated.

"What will she think of us?" she said, sobbing.

"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown. "I'll see if any of the hands over at Oate's place can drive over for her."

And out he went; but all the hands on Oate's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger from a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.

"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor dear Amanda, I'll try what I can do with my cousin."

And in the study she spent an hour, teasing and worrying without effect.

"Let her get lost," said Bachelor Brown. "No doubt she'd like it. And as for her trunk, why can't girls travel with a portmanteau as we do?"

And Rose departed, pouting. She found Adelaide in an extremely merry mood.

"Don't laugh," she said, "think of poor Amanda."

"I am thinking of her," said Adelaide, "and Cousin Dick shall go. I'll tell a fib."

"For shame," said Rose.

"One ought to make some sacrifice for a friend," said Adelaide. "I'll tell him she's a child. He always goes to children."

"It will never do," said Mr. Hinkle; "he'll never forgive you."

But Adelaide ran to her cousin's study and burst in with an exceedingly theatrical laugh.

"What a mistake!" she said, "and so stupid of them all. You think Amanda is a grown young lady, don't you?"

"Isn't she?" asked the bachelor.

"As if a child of nine years could be!" said Adelaide. "Poor little thing!"

"Poor little thing, indeed," said the old bachelor, hurrying on his coat and hat. "Bless me, who didn't you mention it? Poor little soul!"

And in a few minutes the light wagonette was driven down the road, and the Hinkles stood looking after it.

"I'm half frightened," said Rose.

"So am I," said Adelaide. "But it's done, and cannot be helped now. I'll manage to coax him to go to give me, and it wouldn't do to leave a friend in such a position, you know; and I didn't see she was a child."

Meanwhile Bachelor Brown drove to the station. It was a long drive over a bad road, but he kept on his way very cheerfully. He was extremely fond of children.

When, on reaching the station, he saw no sign of her presence, he grew alarmed. He had been lost through his neglect, he could never forgive himself. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, and peeped into the ladies' waiting room. Only a very fine, full-grown young woman sat there, and he retreated. The woman who waited in the apartment came out of her room with a courtesy as she saw him, and he addressed her:

"Have you seen a little girl waiting for some one?"

"No, sir," said the woman. "There were two come down, but they are gone."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Bachelor Brown; "I hope there's no mistake. It's a little Miss Dove, and if the dear little soul has gone astray I'm entirely to blame. Please make inquiries—there's a good woman!"

As he uttered these words the full-grown young lady in the waiting room was seen to turn violently and to arise.

"I'm Amanda Dove," she said, "and I expected some one from Mr. Hinkle's."

Bachelor Brown stood aghast. Richard spoke of the lady as a "dear little thing." His face also turned scarlet.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am," he began. "I expected to find a little girl—I wouldn't have used such expressions for the world—I—"

"I comprehend," said the young lady; "don't mind in the least."

"Is this your trunk, ma'am?" said Bachelor Brown, in a hurry.

"Yes, sir," said the lady, looking down.

And in a few moments the two were driving towards the Hinkles' country seat. Never had Bachelor Brown found himself so close to any young lady, save his cousins before. He was awfully confused, but somehow he liked it. His pretty, low golden hair was. How the blue ribbon of her bonnet set it off. Then he began to wonder what she thought of him. Wondering thus, he forgot the road, and suddenly found that he had lost himself. To add to the dilemma, the storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst at the very moment when Bachelor Brown found it impossible to tell whether the left road or the right led home-ward; and the horse was afraid of lightning, and grew restive. Miss Amanda Dove was afraid of lightning also. She gave a little scream, and clung to Bachelor Brown's coat sleeve.

Bachelor Brown looked at her. It was such a soft, plump hand. Her eyes were so round and so blue in her terror that he forgot she was a young lady.

"I'll take care of you," he said; a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, an attempt on the part of the horse to run away, interrupted him.

Miss Dove turned pale. Bachelor Brown looked terrified. He cast a glance about him. Near the road was a parsonage, connected with its church by a garden.

"I tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll ask for shelter until the storm is over. A clergyman ought to be Christian enough to take us in."

And, driving to the gate, he assisted Miss Dove to alight. As he did so two hired men rushed out and began to attend to the horse and vehicle, and an old lady and gentleman appeared upon the steps.

"So glad you're early enough to escape the worst of the storm," said the gentleman.

"Do come in," said the old lady. "We were expecting you—for on such an occasion people always keep their appointments, rain or sunshine, I believe."

"What on earth does she mean?" said Bachelor Brown. "But it's very kind of them," and so, while the old lady hurried Miss Dove away to dry her things, he sat with the old clergyman in the parlor.

"Do you feel at all nervous, sir?" said the old gentleman, after a pause.

"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.

"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman.

"Yes; lightning is a nervous sort of thing," said Bachelor Brown.

"I did not allude to the storm."

"Indeed, sir?"

"But to the approaching ceremony."

"Eh?" said Bachelor Brown.

"In your note, you know, you told me that you were too nervous to stand before the whole congregation in church, and preferred a quiet wedding at my house," said the old man.

Bachelor Brown stared at him in astonishment. The truth dawned upon him.

"You expected—a young couple?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite young enough, sir," said the innocent clergyman. "And I must say the young lady appears a very charming person."

Bachelor Brown felt himself bluish.

"Should you think she'd make a good wife?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.

"And you think a man is—happier—for—entering the nuptial state?" he inquired.

"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," said the old gentleman, believing every word he said.

"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown to himself. "I never liked a girl so much. It's very awkward to explain. I wonder whether—"

And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown drew her aside.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.

"Dear me," said Miss Dove.

"You've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown. "They think we—we—are—are people they expect—a young couple, you know, about to—"

"Oh, dear, do they?" whispered Miss Dove.

"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain. And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me, too, and let him do it?"

"Do what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.

"Marry me," said Bachelor B.

"Of course not," said Amanda. "What would the Hinkles say?"

"They'd be delighted," said Richard, growing bolder. Then he put his arm around her waist.

"I don't know much about the sort of thing, but you are the only nice girl I ever saw. Please do. I'm not such a bad fellow. I'll be good to you."

"I know you are good," said Amanda, "but—"

"But then I'm ugly, eh?" asked Richard.

"Ah, no, not at all."

"Well?"

"It would be so odd."

"Well," said Bachelor Brown, "that's my fault, and they know I'm odd, my dear."

Four hours after the Hinkles heard the light wagonette drive to the door, and rushed out to greet Amanda.

"We've been so alarmed," said Mrs. Hinkle. "Such a storm," said Rose.

"Were you frightened?" asked Adelaide.

But Amanda said nothing.

Uncle Richard, too, shrank back, as though he were afraid of something.

"Tell me, Amanda," he said.

"No, you tell them, Richard," said Amanda. The Hinkles listened in amazement.

"What is there to tell?" asked Mrs. Hinkle.

"What is all this mystery about?"

And Cousin Richard answered, sheepishly:

"Nothing—only we've been getting married."

This was the only explanation ever offered. The Hinkles never comprehended it. It was always a mystery to them; and though they were profuse in their congratulations, and always continued the best of friends, the fortune which might have been Rose's or Adelaide's rather troubled Mrs. Hinkle; and she always declared in secret family councils that she was perfectly sure Uncle Richard married out of spite to punish Adelaide for the trick she played upon him.

The Nightingale.

The nightingales are still in song in England. But it is in the middle of April that their earliest notes are heard—the sounds of which are so remarkable, and so distinct from those of all other birds on account of their loud resonance and brilliancy.

The first burst of song generally occurs in the stillness of a mild and calm morning—when the winds of March are lulled—when an April sun fills the lanes and woods with a new warmth and pleasantness; and when the stillness is so complete that the slight snapping sound of bursting buds may be distinctly heard, as the young spring leaves assert their expanding power. On such a morning the listener, in a favorable locality, may suddenly hear a startling burst of melody so loud, so sweet, so luscious in its expression and thrilling richness, that the effect is never to be forgotten.

A picture rises before me as I write—a most accurate reminiscence of the precise turn of a certain face, with primroses on its cheeks, and above the feathered branches of an overhanging bush—forming the principal features of the spot where I first heard the song of the nightingale. I could still trace the graceful shape of the very spray upon which the delicately formed, either bearded bird was sitting, when he suddenly gave forth that glorious gush of exquisite sound which so astonished me. I had never heard such sounds issue from the throat of bird before, and the effect was the more impressive and startling as occurring, not in the morning, but in the deepest darkness of the deepening twilight, just as the moon was rising, and all other birds had long been silent. The song, however, notwithstanding the general belief, is more commonly heard in the morning, though it is much more remarkable in the silence of the night; and hence has arisen the popular fallacy that this bird sings only in the night. And, as a natural consequence, this belief has led to the popular name "nightingale," derived from the German name "nachtgal," which literally means the night singer, from *nacht*, night, and *galen*, a singer.

But the beauty of the nightingale's song does not require the silence and impressiveness of night to set it off; and in this respect Shakespeare is not altogether right as a naturalist when he makes *Portia* say:

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

The simple fact being that the superiority of the song of the nightingale to that of all other birds is beyond cavil or dispute. The thrush, the fairvete, the sweet-songed robin, even the aspiring lark, are but as a band of secondary chorists, compared to the glorious soloist, the great *primo tenor* of the woods, who flings out his chest C's with a power and splendor that neither *Fambrlick* nor *Mongini* ever approached. Buffon, who was a poet among the more prosaic naturalists, declares that the entire songs of other birds are but as a single couplet of that of the nightingale; and then goes out of his way to assert that a man cannot be properly constituted who is incapable of being profoundly impressed by this unrivalled melody. Another enthusiastic Frenchman, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, tells us, in his *Confessions*, that he felt a most entrancing and inexpressible pleasure in the notes of the nightingale, and was always most profoundly moved while listening.

The potent influence of this bird-melody has, indeed, been felt in all ages. The Greeks called the nightingale *Alou*, that is, "the singer," and also *Philomela*, that is, lover of melody. Its song consists of at least twenty-four distinct notes, without counting those innumerable trills, cadences, and extraneous bursts which form the climaxes to the various notes, or the links of connection between them. The distinct notes of the series are very various in character. The first I ever heard was the one which economists technically term the "jugg." It is formed of a series of staccato tones, slightly rising above each other in pitch by such minute gradations as no instrument could imitate. These tones have somewhat the sound of jugg-jugg-jugg repeated from ten to twenty times, and sometimes many more, according to the spirit and strength of the individual bird, and they are terminated by a brilliant trill, culminating in a rapid burst of tremulous sound last, heard for the first time, is perfectly new. Another note is known as the "rattle," a performance which the finest and best sustained shake of a *prima donna* could never approach in treacherous noise. Then, for contrast, there is the note known as the "bubble," soft as the sweetest sound of sipping water, but far richer and more musical, and which, like all the other notes, has its appropriate climax—generally a trill, followed by a final burst; but sometimes by a passage of fine drawn sounds, so exquisitely attenuated and so high in pitch, that the very finest hair-drawn notes in air, extracted from the first string of the violin by the bow of a Joachim, are left whole o'er-awed below it.

These notes, and indeed most of those of the nightingale's song, seem given forth in joy and exultation; but there is one, which is of an entirely opposite character. It is known as the "sneeze," and consists of a series of wailing sounds, each rising by about a semitone, which, heard in the night time, especially with its climax, which might be the breaking forth of the wail into a frantic burst of passionate grief, may, in former ages, have given rise to various forms of superstition. It is, undoubtedly, this special note that originally led the way to the popular estimate of the nightingale's song, as being of a deeply plaintive and even melancholy character—an estimate which most of the innumerable poets, who have described the nightingale and his song, have accepted at once, without investigation.

There is yet another popular fallacy, very generally adopted by poets, who, as enthusiasts of sentiment and not science, necessarily work better upon a picturesque legend than a hard fact. The fallacy here alludes to the one which supposes the *lark* nightingale to be the musician; and we get from poets of all epochs exclamations concerning her plaintive note, and how she pours forth her soft nocturnal wail. This popular error may have arisen from the association of the supposed wail with that connected with funerals, which was uttered only by women, the nature of man being supposed superior to such external signs of grief.

Still another popular fallacy, connected with the perversion of the natural history of the nightingale, is the fable of a thorn pressing against the breast of the female, while sitting upon her egg—the pain of which was supposed to cause her plaintive lamentation; and upon which extraordinary supposition, we have from our poets such exclamations as "When Philomela forsakes the thorn," &c. This legend of the thorn may possibly have arisen from the superficial investigations of some poetical naturalist, who, wishing to ascertain the cause of the lament, and finding a thorn projecting into the nest, immediately cried "A thorn!" and proclaimed the elucidation of one of the mysteries of nature; which explanation, being of a kind precisely fitted for acceptance by a superstitious and, as yet, ignorant race, would be greedily accepted. Such thorns may, indeed, often have been found projecting into nests—a circumstance which may be otherwise explained than supposing it to be an instrument of torture, mysteriously introduced in order to elicit the mournful music supposed to be poured forth by the suffering mother. The simple explanation is this: that the nest of the nightingale is constructed near the ground, among the branches of the epiphyllous shrub, Hawthorn; and it occasionally happens that a most convenient and well-provided place is found, which, however, has the inconvenience of a tough little thorny branch, which, from its intrusive position, has to be built into the nest; which, though it causes but little inconvenience to the mother, forms a capital peg upon which to hang a pretty tale. So much for the song of the lark nightingale, and her wail and the fabulous thorn; after which it is scarcely necessary to assert that, as in the case of all other singing birds, it is the male that is the songster; though some instances are on record in which the female bird has possessed to some extent the power of song; just as among our barn door fowls, a hen is occasionally heard to utter an imperfect crow, though no one on that account would think of asserting that it is the hen and not the cock that crows at day-break.—H. Noel Humphreys in *London "Oak & Wink."*

It is proposed to make the Broker's Board a round table, so that nobody need get cornered.

Statistics show that cows in good condition require about thirty pounds of hay per day.

A LONG BRANCH LYRIC.

I.
Beyond the Seton balustrade
In thoughtful mood my lady strolls,
While 'neath alternate sun and shade
Old Ocean's solemn billow rolls.
O lady sweet, O lady mine,
Those eyes that do like Heper shine,
Say, are they lit by Love or Wine?

II.
Within, the drowsy elders' prose,
Or solemn lip Laflotte Bordeaux;
While worn-out matrons sily dote,
Preferring Morpheus to Margaux.
But I should like to know, *ma belle*,
If those sweet eyes I love so well
Owe all their brightness to Moselle.

III.
Titania's self might shameless sip
The drops my love so shyly tasted;
The dancing bubbles kissed her lip,
But half the sparkling wine was wasted.
O dearest lady in the land,
One thing I fain would understand,
Why trembled so that soft, white hand?

IV.
The *menu* printed on white satin,
With perfume of the famed Rimmel,
I've safely kept, concealed my hat in;
Yet what our banquet was, to tell,
Where grew the fruit, where bloomed the vine,
Whose juice made that ambrosial wine,
Would tax this memory of mine.

V.
I only know that you and I
Sat whispering softly side by side;
While conscious waiters passed us by,
Or only came to be denied.
But when that *Charlotte Plombiere*
You looked on with such absent stare,
Where had your fancies fled, love, where?

VI.
O sweet one, in the days to come,
When these Hyperion locks are thinner,
Safe in the haven of a home
May we recall that Long Branch dinner!
And while we talk of old lang syne,
I'll tranquil sit and sip my wine,
With your dear hand clasped close in mine.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BENDIGO BILL KEEPS VIGIL.

A dark, warm, stifling night it was, even on the lofty cliff, as Bendigo Bill, after prudently waiting till the shades of evening should have gathered with sufficient thickness to cloak his proceedings from impertinent scrutiny, stole out of his hiding place, and made his way towards the ruins. Those ruins he was fairly well acquainted with, having bird-nested and scrambled among the ivy and the gray stones in his boyhood, when the public had been permitted easier access to the extensive wreck of the abbey buildings, than was the case in these latter days of monster excursion trains and frequent travelling.

"I am in luck for once; or, maybe, 'tis my lord's luck," said the garretter softly, as he slipped, with unshed feet, and carrying his noddle ankle-boots in his hands, into the precincts of St. Pagan's; and he cast a glance upwards at the sky, and gave a grunt of contentment, for the weather was propitious to his purpose. All that day, there had been dusky masses of brass-colored cloud lying piled in mountain-ranges along the seaward horizon. Round and blurred at their edges, these great vaporous masses had floated in the hazy blue, now reddened to the tint of glowing hot copper as the sun's rays slanted athwart them, now heaped like dingy wool-packs, and presently blackening like the smoke from a burning town. Soon after sunset, a lazy air-current, too languid to be called a breeze, had begun to roll these cloud-ranges slowly down from the seaward, and to spread them like a heavy canopy over the darkened sky. It was only now and then that the moon shone forth through the rifts overhead, and after each of these glimpses, the pale light seemed to be swallowed up in a blackness more absolute than before.

Bendigo Bill was an adept at concealment. His stealthy progress towards the ruins would have done credit to a savage, and indeed, in this branch of useful knowledge, savages had been his teachers. Had he camped out with the black fellows during a portion of his bushranger career at the antipodes, and was it not from these able instructors that he had learned to crawl like a snake, and to take advantage of every inequality of ground, every tree, rock, and shrub; at one time to lie like a log in the tall grass, contented to advance by inches, or not at all; at another, to creep on hands and feet under the shadow of the tea-tree, as a wild dingo creeps towards the live mutton of the flock? He reached the ruins without giving any alarm to man or dog, squeezed himself close to the doorway of the guest-house, and waited the pleasure of his patron.

Bendigo Bill was patient. Half-an-hour, an hour, and more than an hour, had gone by before he began to tire of his watch. He was hungry, after his long stay upon the hillside, or it is probable that he would not have found the time heavy on his hands even then. Now, to men of the convict's class, men who have tried shepherding, bushranging, but-keeping, and the other pursuits, innocent or the reverse, of Australian working-life, there is one resource that never fails to supply the lack of food, society, and comfort: one talisman that charms away loneliness of spirit—tobacco. With that single specific, the bushman sits by his fire content, although his last ration be consumed, his way lost, his horse weary, and every water-hole in the river appears to be dry. Bendigo Bill now pulled out his pipe, filled it, kindled it, and sat resignedly smoking under the lee of a fragment of mouldering wall.

As the man sat and smoked, he thought too in a sort of narrow fashion, such as became a person so eminently practical. Even garroters think. Much brain-work, as a matter of principle, Mr. William Muller eschewed; but the business which had brought him to St. Pagan's was something abnormal, and stimulated such ratiocinatory faculties as he was master of. He was doing a very unusual thing—deviating abominably from the strict code of professional etiquette in which he had been trained. This

English Thug—whose only difference from his congener of India, lay in the fact that his language was Punder and simple, and that he wisely preferred to stop just short of murder—was sensitive on the point of honor. To peep, to sell a confederate, appeared to him as despicable an offence as some gross betrayal of state secrets would appear to a solemn Under-secretary; and yet he was going to sell a scheme of considerable promise for the sake of a white-fisted aristocrat, one of that very class that he had considered as born to be robbed. The truth was that Lord Ulswater had established over him that kind of ascendancy to which persons of a rough and fierce nature are not the least liable. As the artisans, and students, and school-boys of Italy are stirred by the magic of Garibaldi's renown, and even babble in their sleep of the popular idol, the "Red-bard," who is to them at once hero, and saint, and crowning king, so this sturdy member of the dangerous classes did homage to the man who had conquered him. Such scanty stock of romance as the convict had within him was awakened by his encounter with one whom his rugged soul recognized as a born captain of men. He felt, rather than thought, how glad he should be, if "my lord" would do something, start upon some venture, buckle to some enterprise, in which he, Bendigo Bill, could follow, trusty and staunch, through fire and water, if need were.

The time went on, however; the clock on the stable turret struck the hour for the second time. Bendigo Bill, as he puffed at his pipe, began to grow almost uneasy at the awful stillness and solitude of such a place as that, on such a night, with driving clouds above, darkness around, and no sound but the dull drip of the sea against the battlements of the beach. Old, long-forgotten stories of the strange sights that had been seen, and the strange sounds that had been heard among the ruins at St. Pagan's, came gradually back to his memory. He had never been, strictly speaking, a believer in those tales of the supernatural which are ranked as ghost-stories; but any incredulity on his part was the result of no mental culture or religious conviction, but simply of the fact, that his muscles and nerves were of the toughest. A strong man, unimaginative to a degree, was not a whit more likely to one for the weird legends about the abbey than an inductive philosopher might have been; yet, as he remained in his hiding place, and as the night-wind chilled his blood, he remembered enough of the gossip current in Shelliton to make him wish he were elsewhere.

"Confounded crazy old place!" growled Bendigo Bill; "why don't they cart it away—adjective old rubbish that it is—no good at all to anybody?" This last sentence was spoken with an injured air, and in an injured tone. The garretter was not very tender of such relics of the past as came under his notice; and the sight of the ruins at the abbey moved him to an honest contempt and sincere dislike, such as those which Attahmips, Inca of Peru, felt for the copy of the Vulgate that the Spanish monk had him in reverence and obey—be, to whom a book was an ally, a confidant, a paragon, and nothing else. This spoke Bendigo Bill, quite unconscious of the number of distinguished persons, orators, sages, tribunes of the people, who agreed with him that the abbey ruins alone, but very much more important legacies of the Past, robes, crowns, coronets, thrones, privilege, power, wealth, the sceptre, the mitre, the diadem, gold-chains and silver-swords, should be viewed as lumber, to be carted off, on the first convenient opportunity, to Tophet itself.

But just as the graduate of Goldsmith Fields University uttered this fashionable sentiment, a short-lived glimmer of white moonlight fell, like a smile on a wan suffering face, through a gap between the gloomy clouds as they sailed overhead. The rufian started, and a curse rose to his lips, and died away there, half-uttered, and the hair bristled on his head, and the heart dropped in his bow. He gasped for breath, as if a heavy hand had suddenly compressed his heart in its vice-like clutch. The moonlight had but shone and vanished, like the flickering of a lamp that tends up its dying flame in one last leap before it is quenched in darkness; but by that brief radiance, Bendigo Bill had seen, or thought that he had seen, a black shadow, in the monkish garb, glide silently among the shattered walls; for one moment, he saw the spectral figure, the cowl, the dark Benedictine robe, the girdle of rope, the tall stature that rose gigantic in the sickly play of the moonbeams. The shadowed feet made no noise as they trode the ground. The monk passed by, threatening, terrible, with hooded face, and arm uplifted as in menace, and in an instant the clouds closed above, and the night reigned again. The apparition was gone. Long and anxiously did the garretter wait for another flicker of the moonlight; none came. He wiped his hot forehead, and gave a sort of groan. "Saw it myself," he never have believed it, else!" he murmured doggedly, like one who is unwillingly convinced.

A quick step among the broken stones and tufted hummocks of grass-grown earth—Lord Ulswater himself, doubtless—and immediately afterwards Lord Ulswater's voice reached the garretter's ear.

"You, Bill, or whatever you call yourself—come out of your den, my man! How can any eyes but an owl's be supposed to see you by this light?" It was indeed by this time so dark again that the two men, patman and peltman, patron and client, could scarcely distinguish each other's forms as they met. "Hut! I thought I heard something," said Lord Ulswater, in a subdued tone scarcely above a whisper, and he seemed to listen intently for a while, but presently appeared to be satisfied that he had been mistaken. "After all," he said, still cautiously, but with more confidence, "have dropped are not much to be looked for hereabouts. The fools of servants dare not, for their very lives, stir out among these old stones after dark, for fear of bogies, I believe."

"Hush, my lord! don't talk so, logging your pardon!" exclaimed Bendigo Bill, laying his hand upon the sleeve of his noble employer. "I have seen it—seen it rotten minutes since."

"Seen what?" asked Lord Ulswater impatiently.
"It—the ghost of the old monk—they all saw it say it walked—but I saw it, as I see you now," said Bendigo Bill, again wiping his forehead, and speaking with an evident effort, and a furtive glance over his shoulder, as though he more than half-expected to see the Thing creeping up behind him. By this time, the moon had again peeped out, and for a longer interval than before; and Lord Ulswater, with the white light full upon him, could mark how pale and ghastly the garretter looked.
"Nonsense, Bill. A stout-hearted fellow like you should be above putting faith in these old-

women's tales," said the ex-convict's new patron, in a cheery, good-natured voice. "Moonlight plays strange tricks with the eyes, you know, and you have grown fanciful—Take a pull at this," giving a little silver hunting flask into the rufian's trembling hand—"and you can have the bottle for a keepsake, if you choose. Drink, and be a man!" Bendigo Bill drank the brandy, and felt greatly the better for it, his fears of the supernatural world vanishing like a ghost at cockcrow. "Now," said Lord Ulswater, "if your nerves are steady again, I wish to be told the truth about this affair of our friends at Shelliton; and I have the pleasure to repeat my assurance that no harm shall come to your worthy father, who is, I gather from you, one of my ill-wishers. Who is he, in the first place?"

"His name's Ben Muller, and he's on the parish," answered Bendigo Bill, with that reluctance which seems innate in the Englishman of any grade when a confession of poverty is to be got through. "Not a common pauper, though. The old beggar is a bit of a rebel, and gets round the guardians. They've made him deputy-porter, and he was deputy-wardman to the sick, and had the care of the dead-house at Shelliton workhouse, and that was how Dr. Marsh came to deal with him."

"Go on," said Lord Ulswater smoothly—"go on. I do not see, as yet, what your father's official duties and his dealings with Dr. Marsh, can have to do with me and my interests."

Bendigo Bill strained his eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of his patron's face; it was too dark for that, but had it been more possible to discern features than was the case, no betraying signs of emotion would have been visible on the handsome face confronting the ex-convict. "As having the care of the dead-house," pursued Bendigo Bill, "he was able—for money—to bear a helping-hand on a certain day, years ago now—My lord," burst out the man with sudden energy, "I want to stick to you through the whole of this ugly job. Mind, I don't ask your secrets. I don't exactly know, or care to know, what you've been up to—but you're in danger, if ever a great gentleman of your sort ever was in danger. It's a hanging touch—that's all—by what Marsh and my father said in my hearing—though I have heard tell lords like you have a right to have their heads chopped off—but death, anyway—and they say now they can prove it."

"A hanging touch?" Lord Ulswater's lip quivered as he repeated the hateful word. "You have a cur, succinct way of putting the matter, my friend, which is very convincing—So your excellent parent, and that respectable practitioner, Mr. Marsh, mean to bring me to the gallows, do they? May I ask why, and may I ask how?"

Bendigo Bill crushed his pipe, which had fallen to the ground, beneath his heel, as he replied, almost apologetically: "Well, you see, my lord, my old dad's a poor man—he's no spite against you; it's all for the sake of a handful of shillings. Marsh, the doctor, has a spite against you. He says he's a superior man, and you've even the ruin of his hopes. Besides, he expects to get a fortune by this."

"A fortune. I fear he will be disappointed. But I do not quite catch the meaning of what you say, as yet," said Lord Ulswater in the same low, but clear voice in which he had spoken throughout.

Bendigo Bill shuddered considerably with his feet and seemed to ponder his reply. At last he said, with manifest reluctance: "My lord, begging pardon for offence, which none is meant, the game you're born up to—so the doctor says—is murder."

"Murder!" Lord Ulswater had not wished to repeat the dreadful word, but it dropped from his lips involuntarily, like an echo of what his rufianly companion had said. That lifeless name for a hideous deed around the sullen echoes, in very truth, of the ruinous great house, as if it had raised a ghost, and the hollow sound came back with melancholy reiteration to the speaker's ear. Murder! A strange, wild, utterly improbable accusation, surely, to be coupled with the name of gallant, winning, frank-eyed John, Baron Ulswater. A long dreary pause ensued.

"Murder is a very serious crime, no doubt," said Lord Ulswater, breaking the silence; "and yet I hardly see how a fortune is to be gained by taxing me with such an offence. Hush—money, indeed—"

"No, my lord," interrupted Bendigo Bill in a very decided tone; "not that. Marsh says he's tried your Lordship, and could not get you to bleed freely—thems was his own words. He hopes to get paid by them to whom the estates would go after you—Instantly there flashed upon the listener's mind the memory of those Carnarvon, far away among the Gloucestershire woods, who were here-at-law to the family, though not to the title—a plan to give the family, whose last intercourse with the family I saw of the House had been held somewhere about the time of 'Wat's' rebellion. They were mentioned in the old entail, though I had by that Lord Ulswater who had followed King Charles to Bruges, and who had desired to preserve the property to the race of Carnarvon, and the entail had never been cut off—"

"And," went on Bendigo Bill, "they've got evidence. They wanted me, as I'm an old hand, to slip into the abbey some night, and rummage among your Lordship's papers; that Marsh says you keep in an old cabinet with a glass-front sort of plate over the drawers in the Blue Room, looking south."

Lord Ulswater laughed. "Mr. Marsh has a good memory," he said, "but there is no scrap of writing in that cabinet that might not be printed and published in the London newspapers. Only fools keep dangerous letters—"

"Anything else?"

"Yes," answered the man, in a lower and more cautious tone—"yes. And mind, my lord, I speak for your good. Marsh has come back from London quite joyful, and bragging of his cleverness in having found out the address of some woman who would make a witness against your Lordship; and now he says he has you under his thumb."

"What woman?" asked Lord Ulswater, with a sudden raising of the voice that was almost a cry of pain—"what woman?"

"Name of Fletcher," said the ex-convict in reply—"Why, my lord, are you not?" For the moon had broken through the crack of clouds again, and the ghastly pallor of Lord Ulswater's fair face was something terrible to see, now that the lips were tightly drawn back so as to show the white teeth, and that the eyes seemed staring from their sockets. The expression of the whole countenance was as that of one who sees a spectre rise before him, or of one who bears some physical torture as intense

as to wring every nerve with the fierce thrill of bitter anguish.

Not one word did Lord Ulswater speak until the moonbeams had been swallowed up again by the black clouds, and then he resumed the conversation in a voice quivering with the emotion he no more cared to dissemble: "Do you know this person's address?"

"No; but I could find it out, very likely," answered the garretter.

"Good—Now let us be practical. Get me the address, and I'll give you two hundred pounds. Help me afterwards in what remains to be done, without asking questions, and without flinching, and I will give you five thousand, and get you safely off to America at the end of it. That one job shall make a man of you for life."

"Five thousand pounds! that is a heap of money," said Bill very slowly, in answer to Lord Ulswater's last speech—"a heap of money. I belonged to a gang once that broke into a large station in New South Wales, where there was money said to be hid, and nobody to take care of it but the old farmer and his wife—all the hands being stampeded off to the diggings at Flush Creek. I'd no share myself in heating out the old folk's hoards, when they wouldn't give up the tin; but it was done, and the gold found. On captain and two of our mates got hung for that, down at Burnt Flat Courthouse, and I was sent to the chalking-gang. If there's any other way—"

"There is none," interrupted Lord Ulswater, rather hiding out the words than speaking them. "Idiot, chicken-hearted dolt that you are! To what purpose is it to tell me your stories of brain-wracked misers for the sake of a few sovereigns tied up in a stocking, and then dicking yourselves blind drunk in some grog-shop at the roadside, and tattling of the bloody deed—is your thick-skulled comrades did no doubt—I know what happened as well as if I had been there—till the troopers got wind of the business. This is another affair. I am your captain, now, William Muller, and a better one than the hussy who got his worthless neck snapped, and sent him right, at Burnt Flat Courthouse. Listen! Not to-morrow, but on the following night, at the same hour, be here, and I will meet you. By that time, you must be acquainted with the address of this Mrs. Fletcher—do you hear? After that, I shall know what steps to take. For Marsh, I care nothing. But if that woman has really deceived me—if she is indeed in England, and in London, why, then—"

"Yes, my lord," said Bill eagerly.

"Why, then," continued Lord Ulswater with a slight laugh, "it is her life or mine—Be punctual. And now, good night to you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM MORGAN'S LAST VIGIL.

"I am very sorry," said Miss Hastings, looking down at the ground.

The person addressed broke out fiercely in reply:

"You are very sorry! You have done me a very great, grievous, and bitter wrong, Flora Hastings. You have taken my very life, and home, and strength away from me, and I care for nothing now, since I have been deceived in you, that I loved very dearly—better than you deserved to be loved—and now I am thrown away like an old glove, and given up, and you are very sorry. Sorry?" William Morgan sneered very bitterly as he repeated this last word.

"What can I say?" exclaimed poor Flora, almost imploringly.

They two were alone together in the morning room, the walls of which were hung with a gray French paper, on which there was a pattern, sprigs of flowers, in gold and pink, very small and unobtrusive. Fortunate Morgan will very likely remember the pattern of that paper, and the dainty scroll-work of the Tournay carpet, and the exact position of the furniture, to his dying day, with that strange mechanical recollection, which we have of the minutest features of a spot where we have suffered one of those great pains that only come once or twice in a life.

Flora had been crying; the bright drops clung yet to the lashes that fringed her blue eyes as she looked meekly down, as a sinner should. But there was no yielding in her attitude or in her heart. If Mrs. Hastings had fancied, as she very possibly did, that perhaps a broken hope might exist of William Morgan's winning back his promised wife in that last interview, it was tolerably evident that she was doomed to disappointment. Flora was really and truly weeping because she had been sincerely sorry for them, for she had believed on the man whom she had never loved, for the sake of the man whom she did love.

As for William Morgan, his face, pale with sleeplessness, livid with anger, was not good to look upon. It was not in human nature that he should philosophically accept his own dismissal, and Lord Ulswater pronounced. He had a right to be angry, and he had certainly need, and perhaps abused that right. He had said many a savage thing, who of the sample quoted above was but a mild specimen, and his looks, and his manner, and the tone of his voice had added fuel to bitterness. He was making himself peculiarly disagreeable, as it was his privilege to do.

"What can I do?" asked Flora, rather of herself than of him, as he all sometimes take counsel of ourselves as to what we are to do when things are at a dead lock.

William Morgan pronounced upon the opportunity as an owl croops upon a thorn.

"What can you do?" he said vehemently. "That rests with yourself, not with me. But since you ask, I will tell you. You can be honest, you can keep your word to me; you can be faithful to your pledged engagement; and to the man whom you accepted before the world, as your future husband. This is what you can do, Miss Hastings."

Flora shook her head, and there were tears glittering, for the second time, on her soft cheek.

"That is impossible!" she said—"quite impossible. I beg your forgiveness with all my heart, and very humbly, I am sure. I would ask it on my knees, if that would move you to grant it to me. But what you say can never be."

"Why not?" demanded William Morgan, in a tone that might have been called threatening, and he clenched his hand as he spoke until the nails were buried in the flesh.

"Silence. No answer came to the rude question, and it was repeated, and more rudely.

"Why not?" I have a right to know."

Flora looked up, wistfully, in her mother's angry face. Her own eyes swam with tears.

"Spare me this!" she said faintly; but there was no relenting in Fortunatus Morgan just then.

"I have a right to know, from your own lips, the shameful truth," he said grimly—"a right to hear from yourself, and not merely at second-hand, why you have chosen to break faith with me."

The girl turned to bay. She lifted her tear-stained face, and fronted him boldly, and there was a sudden sparkle of awakening spirit in her eye.

"You will not spare me," she said resolutely; "but I have tried to avoid giving you unnecessary pain. I love another man. I cannot break my word, given to him."

"Why can you not treat him as you treated me?" exclaimed Morgan, with quivering lips and a spot of hectic red burning on his pale cheek.

"Because I do love him," answered the girl simply.

The new member for Oakshire turned on his heel with a savage snarl. "Jilt!" he said—"fickle heartless jilt!" The words were flung in the face of the courted and flattered belle of a London season as a stone might have been hurled at an idol.

The hot flash of indignation crimsoned Flora's cheek. "You are ill-bred, Mr. Morgan, as well as unjust," she said. "Heartless I was once, no doubt, but that was when I was base enough to accept your proposal. I shall not incur the imputation of heartlessness a second time."

Miss Hastings was moving towards the door, when the sight of the despair that was written on Morgan's ashen white face stopped and softened her. Women do not like to see a man suffer. It seems sometimes as if they regarded pain as a particular appanage of their own sex; but he this as it may, they certainly sympathize with a man's grief when they can understand the cause of it; not the less so, possibly, when, as in this case, the sorrow and agony, the wrench, and smart, and sting imply a compliment to the cause of so much torment. Flora turned back, hesitating, and Fortunatus Morgan saw and mistook her hesitation and its purport. In a moment he was beside her, and had her hand grasped between both of his. He gazed at her with eager eyes, bright with the light of hope.

"Flora, dear Flora, you cannot, at the last, bring yourself to do this cruel thing—to be false to me. Let all be forgotten, and let us be to each other as if this misery had never been!"

She to whom William Morgan spoke trembled very much, and changed color. It was piteous to hear this appeal, and to be obliged to answer it with the cold, hard monosyllable, "No. It was sad to see the light of fresh joy and expectation shining in the young man's haggard eye, and to have to quench it. But though she shrank from doing this, it was no change of purpose, but merely as a young surgeon, untried by habit, shrinks from cutting deep into the ardent flesh of the living fellow creature that lies waiting for the plunge of the knife. Still he mistook her silence, and went on, hurriedly, in broken words, to talk of his own past wretchedness, to assure her of his forgiveness, to build up cloud castles for the happy future. She felt that this must be stopped, but what a pang did it cost her to speak out too clearly for any misunderstanding to endure!

"It cannot be as you say," she uttered the words feebly, but with a great effort. "I will be your friend, your sister, if you will let me, but not your wife. I belong to Lord Ulswater. I am pledged to give you this pain." But here William Morgan flung away her hand, which till now he had held lightly between his own, and with a curse, horrible to hear from the lips of any man, but doubly horrible when coming from this cold, prim favorite of fortune, turned away, and hid his face. A minute, two minutes, three minutes, went dragging by, every second duly measured and recorded by the ticking of the pretty Paris clock on the mantel-piece. Those three minutes, to the man standing there with his face hidden in his hands, clenching his teeth hard to keep down the sobs that sought to betray the sorrow within him, were three very long minutes indeed.

Flora, looking on the auditor she had discarded, stood silent and embarrassed. To pity him and to pardon his violence, that was an easy task; but to say a single word that should not make matters worse, that was less easy. It was one of those cases in which the wisest policy is a masterly inaction. After a long pause, Morgan uncovered his ghastly face, and with his right hand closed as if it grasped some imaginary weapon, took three or four quick strides through the room, turned, and walked back to the place where Miss Hastings stood.

"I have been rude," he said, in a slow, stammering tone, like that of a child that recites a lesson half-learned—"very rude, and I beg you to forgive me. I shall not annoy or trouble you any more. It is over now, my dream, and I rest here alone."

"I hope, indeed I do, that you will be happy," said Flora, earnestly—"that you will really forgive me from your heart, and forget me; and that when you find some one more fitted to be your wife than I, you—"

He interrupted her by a low, half-articulate utterance of mingled wrath and suffering, and his lips actually quivered as they shaped themselves into a smile such as it was sad to see. "Let us avoid common place talk of that sort," he said roughly, "markish platitudes are thrown away in such a case as this." He turned upon his heel as he spoke, and again paced the room, repeating the same action with the closed right hand, as if it grasped a dagger that he was about to plunge into his own heart. Miss Hastings stood untroubled, even with fear, yet, not quite, perhaps, smiling, with fear. "You!" It seemed so strange, so ridiculous, to connect the idea of "fear with William Morgan!" No one unless it were his sister Ruth, whom her great love for him, and need of his continued affection had rendered timid, had ever entertained any apprehension of what the Course of Charmingham might do. He had been but a milksop, boy and man. The very servants, aunts, and hangers-on, of whom he had so many, and whose crowd depended on his caprice, were not afraid of him. The small boys who were his tags at Eton had cared no more for him than the Ironsides of Oliver Cromwell cared for his milk-highness, my lord protector, Richard. There are some men who naturally inspire a certain amount of terror even in those over whom they have no authority, just as there are others who might have the pomp and pride of power, the purple, the fescues, the flectors, and yet scare nobody—lamb in hand hides. The Right Honorable Robert was a type of one of these classes; the M.P. for Oakshire of the other.

All was changed in him now—in this time

23 In a recent number of the Foxtown Foster appears the following kind eccl'astical note: Postscript.—We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Saage, editor of the Foxtown Flash. He is now gone to another and a better world. Persons who have taken the Flash will find the "Gazette" a very good paper."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Popping the Question.

Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wishes to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love." On the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle, and was admitted.

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said—

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged—"

"Of course not," said Smithson, in conclusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly, "you've always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said—

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long!"

Thereupon father, and mother, and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming it at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

How She Served Him.

In our vicinity there thrives a corner grocery, the proprietor of which is a good-natured Dutchman, who is always practising some stale joke upon his customers. One of the points played by our German friend is this:—

A customer asks the price of butter.

"Veil," says Hans, "I sell you some goat butter for forty cents—anybody else, thirty-five."

Customer smiles at the dried joke, pays for butter, and vanishes, with the impression that Hans is entirely too smart.

But one day Hans is caught in his own trap. Bridget wants to purchase some soap.

"An' what's the price of soap a bar?" inter-rogates she.

"That is goat soap, Bridget," said Hans. "I let you have 'em for twenty cents a bar—anybody else, ten cents, you know."

"All right," says Bridget; "give us five bars at that price."

Hans passes over the soap, Bridget laves down fifty cents, and away walks five bars of soap. Hans smells a rat.

"Hure, by dander! dere is a mistake here. Five bars of soap is one dollar."

Bridget stops indignantly.

"But, and he jehers, didn't you tell me the price was twenty cents to me, an' ten to anybody else? Well, had luck to ye, it's not for me at all, at all; it's for Mrs. Melaney, who lives next door!"

Broke her Pledge.

In a certain "Ladies' Moral Reform Society," existing not many miles from the bank of a certain river, the members were required to sign a pledge not to "sit up," as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening as the President was calling over the names to know whether each member had kept her obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken her pledge.

"Why, what have you done?" asked the President.

"Oh," sobbed the young lady, Dr. ——— kissed me the other night when he waited on me home from meeting."

"Oh, well, that is nothing very bad," said the President; "his kissing does not make it that you have broken the pledge."

"Oh! that isn't the worst of it," exclaimed the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back again!"

A NEAR HIT.—The editor of the Tidouite (Pa.) Journal comes down on a giggling woman of that locality in the following racy manner:—

Fair. The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereas they both laughed, so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's "little bill" is settled. It has been due us nearly a year.

Notes. First—when you speak disparagingly of a passer by, and do not wish to be heard, talk low. Second—Don't criticise the printer's dress too closely, while wearing silks purchased with money due him. Third—Tell your husband to send us \$28.70 at once, and save costs of an entire suit!

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as cobwebs, she exclaimed:—

"What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless there should put on another bonnet!"

A letter from Belgrade says: "A curious and somewhat ludicrous little incident occurred here the other day, which has been much talked about, and is not without a certain significance. A body of well-known Servians, all members of the extreme patriotic party, marched through the streets with long beards down to their knees, escorted by a number of barbers, razors in hand, and in this array entered the fortress, where the barbers proceeded at once to strip these bearded patriots of their beards and send them out clean shaven. The fact is that at the bombardment of Belgrade in 1866, three Servians had vowed never to let a razor touch their faces until they could do so in the fortress itself on the day in which the Turkish troops abandoned it, and they completed their vow in the manner I have described."



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Angela Lovell (with the best intentions in the world)—"I cannot bear your handsome men, Mr. Poppercorn. They seem to think it is never worth their while to make themselves agreeable. Now, plain people generally—"

Mr. Filer Poppercorn—"Oh, hang it! There, I beg your pardon—but this is the third time a lady has made a very remark to me this very evening! Why not let a fellow think that you think he's good-looking and agreeable, too?"

JULY FOURTH, 1867.

BY R. J. A.

Behold the spirits of the dead arisen,
The darkness of the tomb all swept away,
And stepping each one from his narrow prison,
They stand with us to-day!

Their hands unseen direct the cannon's firing,
At the salute each loyal bosom swells,
The glory of the hour their souls inspiring,
They help to ring our bells.

And as above each house, and stall, and steeple,
The stars and stripes in triumph fly abroad,
They join in all the rapture of the people,
And offer thanks to God.

Who are these spirits, rising to our vision?
Why follow they our path, with solemn tread?
They come with blessings from your world-famous
Nations, the Country's Dead!

Welcome the day to Freedom consecrated!
Welcome to you, O brothers, lead and true!
Thank God, the dear old soil is liberated,
Blood-bought, by us and you!

Softly they whisper, "We from yonder Heaven,
Who once, as foes, met on the field of strife,
Now stand up side by side, all wrong forgiven,
Death swallowed up in life!"

"We've come to tell you that the peace we
sighed for
Is ours at last. No higher bliss we crave,
When looking downward in the land we died for,
We see one banner wave."

And as we join in your congratulations,
Seeing the fruits of industry unceasing,
We pray you stand erect among the nations,
Brothers—no longer feeble!"

Then ring the bells a-clang for a token
That these our dead, speak not to us in vain,
Ring for a Union never to be broken
By voice of War again.

Only if foreign despots, in their madness,
Should dare upon our stars flag to breathe,
Then shall the sword this day laid down with
gladness,
Flash grandly from its sheath!

Then, by the memory of this day's high story,
From North and South Columbia's sons shall
pour,
And strive together for her ancient glory,
And free their land once more!

AGRICULTURAL.

SHELTER FOR PLANTS.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

Men and animals instinctively seek shelter for protection against the blasts of winter, with its snow and cold, against the heat of summer, the sun that smelters at noonday, and the chill nights that often follow the hottest summer days. They are somehow made uncomfortable by sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat. Exposure to high winds at any temperature, gives to most of us an unpleasant sensation; for what reason we seldom pause to consider.

Plants seem to possess something of this same sensitiveness to sudden changes of climate, and we all admit without question, that shelter from high winds and from sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat are of the greatest importance to the success of garden culture. Why plants suffer from these causes it may be interesting to consider somewhat in detail, and for convenience we will arrange the subject under several heads.

Shelter from Wind. Under this head we may consider what may be called the mechanical injury sustained by want of shelter. Beside the action of tempests which prostrate our fruit trees, or break them down, or shake off their fruit, we may observe many ill effects of the high winds, which always prevail in spring time. Tender half grown leaves of even the maple and elm, are often whipped and torn to pieces by fair weather winds, so as seriously to mar their foliage for the whole season. Grape vines and ornamental, creeping vines, are torn from their trellises, their tendrils broken, and their sym-

try destroyed. Melon, cucumber and squash vines are blown into heaps, and turned upside down by strong winds, and field crops of oats and wheat are frequent "lodged" and ruined by a single thunder gust.

These facts are obvious to the senses, and we readily admit the necessity, or at least, the utility of shelter, to protect gardens, vineyard and pear orchards from destruction by the winds. There are, however, other influences, less obvious, yet as important as this, which for distinction we have called the mechanical action of the wind, and among these we will next consider.

Temperature.—Plants, like animals, can be acclimated to a wide range of latitude, but like animals, as before suggested, they often suffer from sudden changes of temperature—their capacity for endurance depending much on their peculiar state at the time of exposure. Hot home plants are often chilled and destroyed by a degree of cold much less than the freezing point. Fruit trees upon a sandy rich soil, forced into exuberant growth late in the season, often perish by being suddenly checked by frost, before they have become hardened or ripened for winter. We have seen a fine orchard of apple trees thus ruined, before the severe weather had arrived. Nature makes constant efforts to adapt her products to their conditions, but to do this, it is essential that those conditions should be in some measure uniform.

To secure this uniformity as to the important matter of temperature, shelter is of great importance. In a very valuable paper on Atmospheric Humidity, in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1857, an Illinois correspondent is quoted as stating, that living on a high prairie, open on the north, south and east for six miles, and on the southwest and west, one hundred miles—the winds from the southwest are so strong and dry, that in their sweep over the soil, vegetation is withered before them as if at the touch of fire. It is a fact admitted by all horticulturists, that grapes, such as require a long season at the north, as the Isabella and Catawba, are successfully ripened in cities, even as far north as Boston, much more perfectly than in the country, and that vines trained to walls with southern exposure are more healthy and fruitful, and many days earlier than those in open grounds. These results have usually been ascribed to the milder temperature of the sheltered position, to which no doubt much is due. The often quoted instance of Mr. Taylor's garden of fruit at Nahant, where he succeeded in producing nearly or quite all the fruits that can be raised inland in the same latitude, on bleak hills where no tree or shrub could endure the ocean storms, shows the effect of even slight protection.

His gardens are not surrounded with close fences or hedges, but with open pallings, in some places double, at a few feet distant one from the other, and this obstruction of the winds, which could hardly be supposed to raise the temperature, and certainly could not increase or lessen the humidity of the air, made it possible to convert the desert into beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds. The effects of shelter in protecting trees from mechanical injury, moderating and equalizing the temperature, are better understood, probably, than another point, which is that of—

Moisture. We know that moisture is essential to all vegetable growth, and that all plants in dry and bright weather, give off moisture to the atmosphere, and we know that unless plants can be supplied with water in some way, as rapidly as they evaporate it, they must shrivel and die. The fact, too, is familiar to us, that evaporation occurs much more rapidly in a current of air than in a still atmosphere. If we wet our hand we feel it to be much cooler if blown upon by the wind, or even by the breath, and it is because the moisture is evaporated more rapidly. So we know, that clothes from the wash tub are dried more rapidly in a high wind, and this is the case in cold, as well as hot weather. Plants are affected in the same way, and even a cool wind often exhausts them of moisture, more rapidly than any degree of quiet heat. The air is seldom saturated with moisture, immediately after a shower, the buildings and fences, and the exposed surface of the earth become dry by the absorption of their moisture into the air, so that even in showery days, the process of evaporation from plants still goes on.

The writer of the article already cited, attributes the blights which fall upon many of our fruit trees, to the rapid drying of their leaves and fruit by currents of dry winds, and believes

that shelter is as important to guard against this injury as against cold.

The Remedy. As special safeguards against the various ill effects of exposure on uneven grounds, we may erect fences, or plant hedges of white pine or Norway spruce, or hemlock, and thus provide effectual shelter for gardens and small tracts. In selecting sites for gardens, and for pear orchards and vineyards, we may often avail ourselves of the protection of buildings, and of natural growths of forest. In New England, our roughest winds come from the north and east, and the southerly side of hills has not only the advantage of the sun's heat, but also natural shelter from the wind. The writer of an excellent treatise on market gardening, says, that a board a foot wide, set on edge on the north side of a row of peas, will materially aid their early growth.

If we take a broader view, we shall be satisfied that for the good of the whole country, the consideration of shelter is very important. The destruction of forests has undoubtedly rendered large tracts of country unfit for the production of fruit, which before was very productive. This ill effect is produced partly by the drying up of streams, caused by laying the country bare, so that the evaporation is increased and the moist grounds are rendered dry, and finally the rainfall is lessened for want of the moisture gradually given out from these grounds and from the forests, and partly by the prevalence of high winds which prevail so much more in an open country than in one broken by large reaches of timber. The Cape Verde islands were in great distress in 1866, from famine, and more than thirty thousand people are said to have perished there, from that cause, within a few years. They have destroyed their forests, and in some years no rain whatever has fallen, and their only hope is in replanting their island with forest trees.

Professor Hodge, of Michigan Agricultural College, is quoted as declaring that the clearing of the lands in Michigan, has so changed the climate, that the peach crop, which from 1828 to 1841, was quite sure in some counties, now fails except in sheltered spots; and that the frost, which thirty years ago was hardly known to injure corn, now is considered a dangerous enemy to that crop. Mr. Marsh, in his "Man and Nature," gives many illustrations of the evil consequences of removing the forests in Europe; and of the advantages of systematic planting of belts of trees, as in Belgium, by means of which large tracts of barren land have been rendered fertile.—*Mass. Pioneer.*

RECIPIES.

BREAST OF VEAL STEWED.—Brown the veal first by half roasting it; remove as many of the bones as possible, and then put it into a stewpan with some stock, a glass of wine, a piece of lemon-peel, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a carrot; let it simmer slowly on a hot hearth, with hot cinders on the lid of the stewpan; about half an hour before it is served strain off the sauce and remove the herbs, &c.; put it then back with the veal, first thickening it with some flour browned with butter; let it boil up, to take off the raw taste of the flour; then add some pickled mushrooms, with their juice, and, when you serve, add some force-meat balls, which have been first fried, and are hot. To vary the appearance, the tendons may be cut off and the remainder rolled into a nice round, and finished as before; season with salt and pepper. To put down to stew with it either a ham bone or a bit of lean ham will improve the flavor.

SWEET SAUCE.—This is a favorite sauce in many parts of France, and is made in the following manner:—Procure about three pints of sorrel, the fresher the better. Strip the leaves from the stocks, and put them into a saucepan which is lined with white enamel, and add a quarter pound of butter, and season with pepper and salt. Stir it while it stews, and, when tender, press all the juice from it. Chop it up as finely as possible, return it to the saucepan, boil it up, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a teaspoonful of cream, with a small quantity of pounded sugar. This sauce is generally served with a green goose.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Arrange them in a single layer, and pour over them as much gravy as will reach to half their height. Stew them very gently until the under-sides are done; then turn and finish stewing them. Thicken the gravy with flour and butter, or a little arrow-root and cream.

The following rules for currant wines are from the best authority, but untested by ourselves.

WHITE CURRANT WINE.—Heat forty pounds of white currants, press out the juice, and add four gallons of soft water. Dissolve twenty-five pounds of white sugar in the juice, wash out the pulp with more water, strain and add it to the juice, and fill up with soft water until the whole measures nineteen gallons. In respect to managing the wine, the first rule (see last week's Post) gives full directions.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Eight gallons of currants, and one quart of raspberries; scald and press out the juice, and to the seeds and skins add eleven gallons of cold water, add two pounds of beet-root sliced thin as possible; let them remain with the pulp and water twelve hours; then press out the mixture, and add the liquor to the juice. Dissolve in the mixture twenty-five pounds of good coffee sugar, and three ounces of red tartar in powder. When the fermentation ceases, close the bung, and leave the barrel stationary until wanted for bottling.

BLACK CURRANT WINE.—Follow either of the above receipts, except the beets and raspberries, and allow for the same quantity of wine, two gallons less of fruit, than in the red currant wine.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Carefully pick six pounds of fine ripe raspberries, and pour on them four pints of the very finest vinegar. Leave them thus for four days, frequently stirring, but not washing the fruit so as to remove the seeds; then place a piece of clean washed linen or flannel in a sieve, and filter through it the vinegar; to each pint of juice add two pounds of loaf sugar; put it into a glazed earthen vessel, which place in hot water, and keep there till the juice boils thick and syrupy. Let it become cold, then bottle it. The whole process should be carried on in glazed earthen vessels.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Take the lace, and wipe off the dust carefully with a cambric handkerchief. Then pin it out upon a bed, inserting a pin in each projecting point of the lace. Sponge it all over with table beer, and do not remove the pins till it is perfectly dry. It will look quite fresh and new.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

- My 16, 12, 5, 14, 4, 3, is a boy's name.
My 17, 15, 19, 9, is no whim.
My 16, 10, 8, 7, is what many are eager to obtain.
My 6, 7, 7, is not even.
My 18, 14, 13, embraces many years.
My 1, 8, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My 20, 2, 12, is an article.
My 17, 12, 8, 9, is a Spanish coin.
My 13, 20, 2, 18, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 11, 7, is what you have come to.
My whole is a true saying.

Laurel FRANKIE.

Double Rebus.

1. A great botanist.
 2. A female name.
 3. Something essential to the well-being of a tree.
 4. The heroine of a nursery rhyme.
 5. An interjection.
 6. A nourishing food.
- The initials form the name of an eminent poetess; the initials, her birthplace.

IVY GREEN.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- My 1st is in flour, but not in meal.
My 2d is in sign, but not in seal.
My 3d is in thick, but not in long.
My 4th is in right, but not in wrong.
My 5th is in mountain, but not in hill.
My 6th is in murder, but not in kill.
My 7th is in dove, but not in lark.
My 8th is in light, but not in dark.
My 9th is in hall, but not in rain.
My 10th is in France, but not in Spain.
My 11th is in dust, but not in life.
My 12th is in death, but not in life.
My 13th is in win, but not in wed.
My 14th is in copper, but not in lead.
My 15th is in December, but not in May.
My whole, dear reader, is a play.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sharpshooter can hit a circular target of 5 inches radius, at a distance of 600 yards, 3 times out of 4 shots with a rifle. Suppose he fires at a target of 7 inches radius at a distance of 1,000 yards.

Required—the probability that he will hit it.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles. A can travel only one mile an hour, B two miles, but C has a horse and buggy, and can travel 5 miles; and as they desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that going back and taking up B they all reach their journey's end together. Required—the distance each will travel alone, and the whole time consumed in performing the journey.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hubbard Co., Mich.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A plastic sphere, 8,000 miles in diameter and of the same density of the earth, commences to revolve on its axis with a velocity such as to cause it to assume the shape of an oblate spheroid, whose polar diameter is to its equatorial diameter as 3 is to 4. Required—the time of a revolution.

Will any reader of "The Post" please send a solution to my address?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Panville, Adair Co., Mo.

Conundrums.

ECHOES.

- Which letter do we often chew?—U.
Which one resembles a tree?—S.
Which one is never very far?—I.
Which one does a child first know?—O.
Which one is embraced in Caesar?—A.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Spring. (Ring, gin, sling, grip, pig, spring.) REBUS.—Black Crook. (Tempest, Hawatha, Evangelist, Battle of Hohenlinden, Lara, Absalom, Cicero and I, Kenilworth, Caribby Shop, Rhime of the Rail, Old Arm Chair, O' in the silly night, Kingdom coming.) DOUBLE REBUS.—Thackeray, Pendergast, Park's esp, Hermione, Aladdin, Clavichord, Kale, Ezean, Rabion, Alibi, Yut's.)

Curiosities of Ice.

In 1850 Mr. Farraday discovered that two pieces of ice placed in contact froze together almost instantly. Mr. Tyndal says: "One hot summer day I entered a shop on the Strand; on the window fragments of ice were lying in a basin. The tradesman gave me permission to take the pieces of ice in my hand; holding the first piece, I attached all the other pieces in the basin to it. The thermometer was then about sixty degrees, and yet all the pieces were frozen together." In this way Mr. Tyndal formed a chain of ice. This experiment may be made even in hot water. Throw two pieces of ice in a pail full of almost boiling water, keep them in contact, and they will freeze together despite the high temperature. Mr. Farraday made another experiment of the same sort. He threw into a vessel full of water several small pieces of ice. They floated on the surface of the water. The moment one piece touched another there was an instantaneous freezing. Auctioneers soon brought all the pieces in contact, so that in an instant an ice chain was formed.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.